

## MAGAZINE FEATURES

## THE NEWS SCIMITAR

DAILY COMIC PAGE

## Bringing Up Father—By George McManus

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## UNCLE WIGGILY AND BUNTY'S CARRIAGE.

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BY HOWARD R. GARIS.

Oh, Uncle Wiggily, Uncle Wiggily, what a jolly little voice on day out in the hollow stump bungalow, where Longears, the rabbit gentleman, and his wife, Jane Fuzzy Wuzzie, muskrat lady housekeeper, Hal I wonder if that's Sammie or the Littlest, or J. Junior and Billy (shytail) asked Uncle Wiggily, as turned a leaf of the cabbage newspaper he was reading.

"That's Baby Bunty," said Nurse. "I guess she wants you to take for a ride in her little red carriage. I see she has it out in front."

"Oh, I can't play with Baby Bunty," said Uncle Wiggily, quickly. "I go over and call on Grandfather Geesey Gander."

Baby Bunty will be so disappointed," said Nurse Jane.

"It's too bad," agreed Mr. Longears. "I must have a little rest and quiet. Bunty is so lively."

"Well, she keeps you that way, too," said the muskrat lady. "And, on the whole, perhaps it is a good thing for me. I believe you have become younger in last two weeks."

"Hum," said Uncle Wiggily, noncommittal like and unconvinced. "Anyhow, can't play with Baby Bunty this morning."

And when he told this to the little girl, whom he had found in a low stump, she said:

"Oh, dear! Then I'll have to go off the woods by myself and pick wild werra. But will you play with me one other time, Uncle Wiggily, and have a game of tag and that?"

"Yes," promised Uncle Wiggily, as he his pink nose was twinkling merrily. "I'll play with you later."

So he went one way through the woods and Baby Bunty went another, shing her carriage, in which she was used to be wheeled when she was older than she was now.

"Don't get lost!" said Uncle Wiggily. He waved his paw to the little rabbit.

"I'll try not to," she said.

Uncle Wiggily had a nice visit with old friend, Grandfather Geesey Gander. They talked about the time when they were young and spry.

"But I'm getting old and stiff now," said Uncle Wiggily.

"You need someone to keep you lively," quipped Grandpa Geesey.

"Oh, I have someone!" laughed Mr. Longears. "You should see Baby Bunty! Now I think of it, now on back to the hollow stump bungalow and stay to see. I'll show you Baby Bunty—if it's home. But she's nearly always out in the woods, hopping around. She starts off with her carriage just before I came here. Perhaps she went to get someone to give her a ride, as I had no time. Come and see Baby Bunty. I will," promised Grandfather Geesey Gander.

Together he and Uncle Wiggily went through the woods. But they had not traveled very far before, all at once, Grandpa Geesey cried:

"Look there, Uncle Wiggily! What's that rolling down the hill in front of us? It looks like a baby carriage."

"It is!" cried Mr. Longears, as he peered through his spectacles. "It's Baby Bunty's carriage, and it's running away down hill. Oh, she'll be hurt! I must hop after that carriage and stop it!"

"You never can catch that carriage!" quipped Grandpa Geesey. "It's rolling down hill too fast! You are so old and stiff, like myself—"

"Am I old and stiff?" cried Uncle Wiggily. "You just watch me hop!"

He jammed his tail silk hat down on his head, took a tight hold of his red, white and blue striped rheumatism crutch, and down the hill he leaped. Faster and faster rolled Baby Bunty's carriage! Faster and faster hopped Uncle Wiggily, his coat-tails streaming out behind like two girls' hair ribbons. "I'll save you, Bunty! I'll save you!" cried the rabbit gentleman. "Don't jump out of the carriage! I'll get you! I can hop fast, even if I am stiff!"

With one big, extra long hop he reached the carriage and caught hold of it in his paw just as it was going to tip over. He looked inside, thinking to see Baby Bunty half frightened out of her eye teeth, but instead there was only a big bouquet of wild flowers.

"Well! Well! What does this mean?" asked Uncle Wiggily, all out of breath, but still not stiff any more. "What is all this?"

"Oh, Uncle Wiggily!" called Baby Bunty from the top of the hill, where she stood with Grandpa Geesey. "Did you think I was in that runaway carriage?"

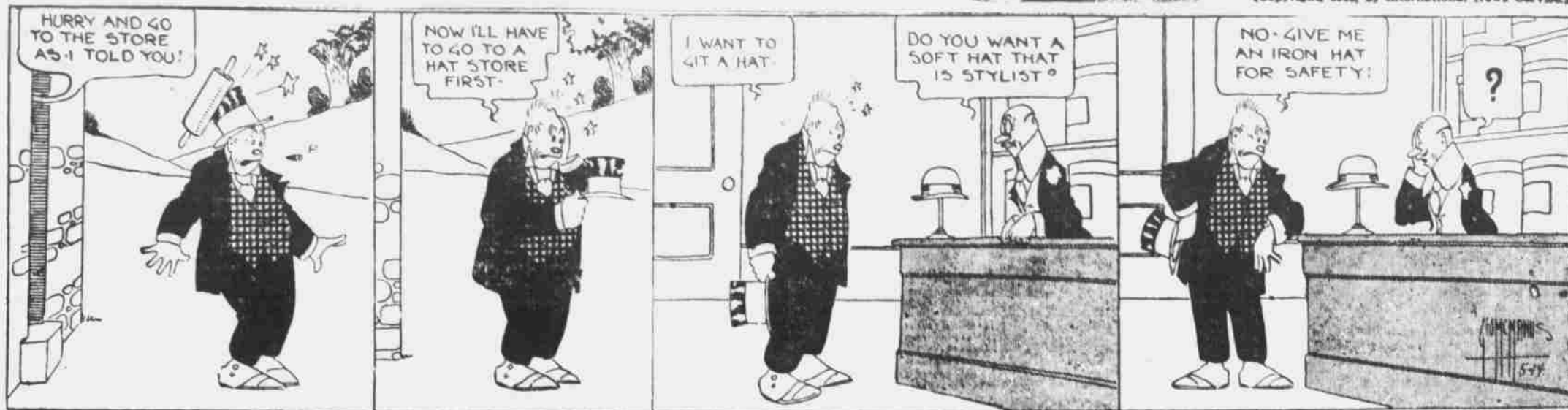
"I certainly did," answered Mr. Longears.

"Why, I wasn't at all!" laughed Baby Bunty. "I just used it to hold the wild flowers I picked. And when I wheeled to the top of the hill it slipped away from me and ran down. My! But you did run fast, Uncle Wiggily!"

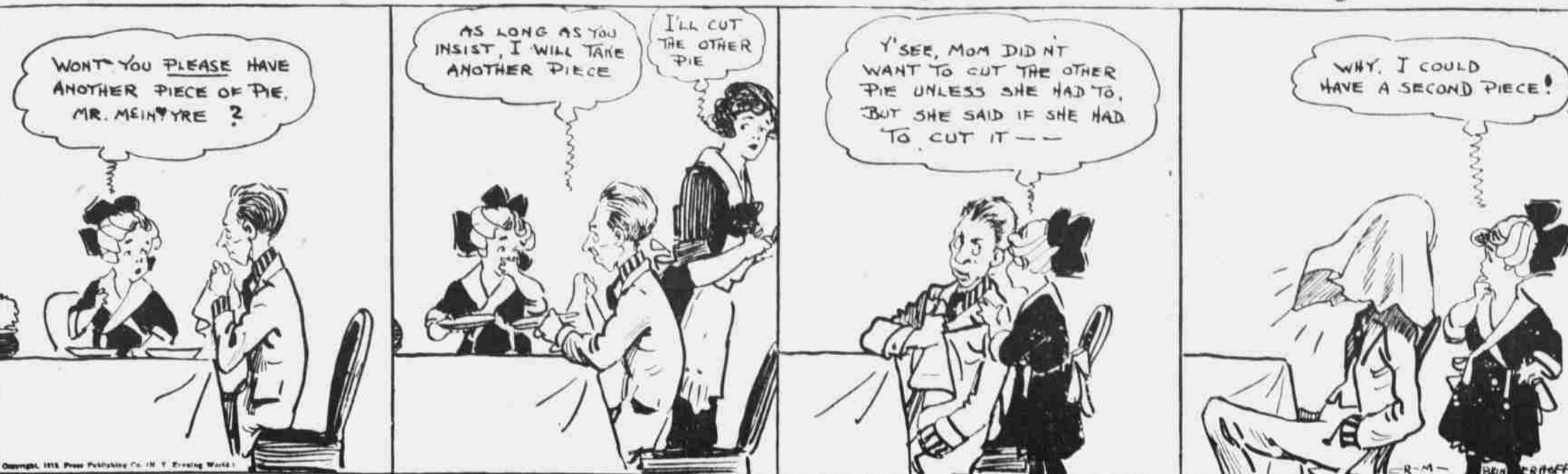
"I should say I did," quipped Grandpa Geesey. "Faster than I ever saw him hop before."

"But it's good for his rheumatism," spoke Baby Bunty.

Mr. Longears never said a word as he wheeled the carriage up hill. But if the ice cream doesn't melt when the eggs stove asks it to dance the fox trot, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and Bunty's party.



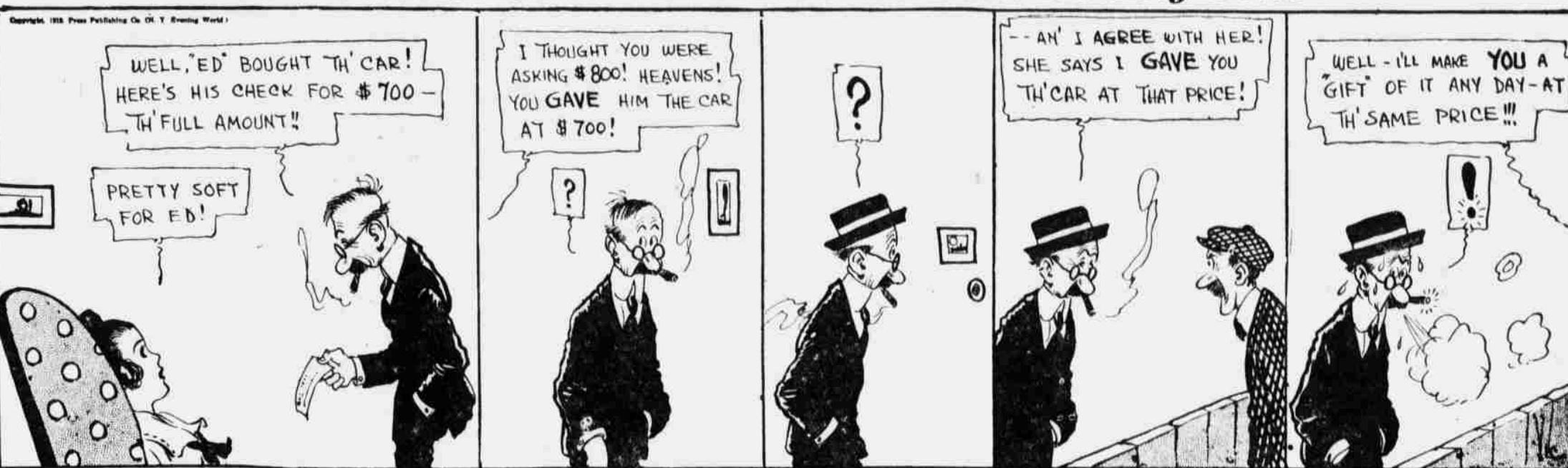
## LITTLE MARY MIXUP—Leave It To Mary—She'll Find a Way Out



## THE BIG LITTLE FAMILY—War, For Them, Has Just Begun!



## JOE'S CAR—Joe Doesn't Want It Back At Any Price



## WHO'S TO BLAME

BY ETHEL LLOYD PATTERSON.

A woman who imagines herself "dressed up" to some level, usually is in reality "dressed down" to a level of which she does not dream.

CHAPTER NO. 105.

"Dressed Up," by the McClure News-Syndrome.

Even Estrella realized, after her long conversation concerning it, that her pink evening gown was too resplendent to wear to tea in a large hall. But she could not bring herself to wear the simple dark costume that Sarah had suggested. She told her hereafter, there must be some compromise. She brought with all her gowns from the closet and arranged them on a gray silk dress trimmed with bright blue beads. It was an evening dress, but in the old Mainville days. But she decided it was just the proper for tea with Mr. Waddell.

The closet, too, consequently, very high-heeled gray suede slippers, an enormous hat trimmed with a blue rose that wobbled on its rim, and a white fur scarf. Now this scarf was one of Freddie's special treasures. It was not a fox and it was not clean. It was the pelt of a long, coarse-haired animal, probably a goat, and since Estrella was not a devotee of the fur, she decided to wear the scarf that had encircled a neck was very dingy indeed. But she was a realist. She could not afford that scarf "swell." She had seen in magazines of women wearing white furs and that settled the matter for her. She thought now that the little scarf was just the thing to combine with the gray silk frock. And, while she made all these momentous decisions, Estrella prepared to array herself.

## DOROTHY DIX'S TALK

BY DOROTHY DIX.

The World's Highest Paid Woman Writer.

PARASITIC CHILDREN.

A fine and noble woman of my acquaintance was left a widow with a son, and no money. She rolled up her sleeves and went to work, to support herself and her child, and through many years she has labored as a hand at keeping a boarding house, and her boy might not only have every advantage of education, but at last, the lad finished college and fared forth into the world to seek his fortune. But, instead of returning with a well-filled pocketbook and owned with bags, in about two years he came back with a wife and a baby, and brought them to mother's boarding house to live and for mother to support.

She was the product of a son and daughter always come back home at last, are lucky! Also they bring their influences with them, and it is those who are onlookers who are in the fattest calf is slain for the under, somebody would slip a little into the veil ragout.

For if there is anything on earth that is despicable and that rouses the murmur in every decent breast is the spectacle of a great big, husky man or woman in the strength of their youth and energy, deliberately setting themselves on the backs of their poor parents and depriving them of the comforts and the ease and restfulness of their old home.

It is no excuse to say that the father is a prodigal and the mother is a ready giver or her best. Of course are. What father or mother can be expected to do that? But if they have a crust, or their children are cold while they can strip a garment from their backs to cover them, or they could sleep at night in the arms of their children were the very fact that parents give, and give, without counting the cost to themselves, makes it all the more dastardly for their children to turn upon them. Yet thousands upon thousands of young people, who never think of themselves as belonging to the army of contemptibles, have no more in exploiting this divine parent than in exploiting their children.

Very one of us knows some pathetic man, with bent back and stooped shoulders who tells and the baby that length every day to support a house of daughters who are far more



That is a good way to get garden results, says the National War Garden Commission, Washington.



YE TOWNE GOSSIP (REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.) BY K.C.B.

HE WAS a little fellow. ABOUT EIGHT years old. WITH A little beanie cap. AND A round red face. AND HE was all alone. BY THE side of the road. AND STEPPED into the ditch. AS WE came along. AND HE looked to me. AS THOUGH HE wanted a ride. TO WHEREVER HE was going. AND WE stopped. AND HE WANTED to know. OF HIS destination. AND HE pointed his finger. TO AS far away. AS THE road went straight. AND WE asked him in.

AND I wanted to know. IF HE thought he could make it. THE REST of the way. AND HE said he could. AND CLIMBED from the seat. AND OUT of the car. AND STOOD by the road. AS WE turned the bend. AND THE last I saw. WAS HIS little red face. AS HE turned it north. AND HIS two short legs. THAT CARRIED him on. AND LATE in the day. WE RETRACED our steps. PAST the village store. AND HE was there. ON THE old store steps. AND WE waved at him. BUT HE didn't wave back. AND WE went on our way. AND DOWN the road. JUST A mile beyond. WHERE WED met the boy. WE MET a woman. WHO MOTIONED to us. AND WE came to a stop. AND IN tearful voice. SHE WANTED to know.

**HOROSCOPE**

THURSDAY, MAY 15, 1919.

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An unlucky day, according to astrology. The sun, Jupiter and Uranus are all in evil place.

While this unfortunate configuration prevails it is wise to be careful in thought as well as deed, since the unguarded mind may be easily swayed to perform acts that will entail great misfortune.

The sun seems to preface for rulers enmity and serious misjudgment. Governors of states and others in authority may be victims of bitter criticism, since Uranus is in an aspect that brings out the bad and conceals the good.

Selfishness and ambition are supposed to be augmented while the stars are positioned as they are today. These qualities may affect persons of every calling.

Boastfulness and egotism, also, are encouraged, while this configuration prevails.

It is a most unlucky day to seek an appointment or to ask for any favor, since persons in the sun are likely to be arrogant and disoblige.

Lack of confidence in business affairs may be revealed in this day's transactions in banks or markets of commerce.

An accident on a battleship is fore-shadowed and there may be heavy storms during the last days of the month.

A noted military commander of England may end his career before mid-summer.

Again it is prognosticated that earthquakes will be felt in the Eastern states.

Persons whose birthdate it is may suffer losses in business. They should make no changes and should be wise in their dealings.

Children born on this day may be dominating and restless. These subjects of Taurus are usually not fond of business and so do not succeed.



Read News Scimitar Wants.